

The fat lady began crying anew at this, and presently the door opened and a young girl entered the hall. She was clothed in simple robes of pure

white, over which her long brown hair

flowed in a soft cloud. Her eyes were large and dark and very gentle in expression and her cheeks were fair as a lily. In one hand the maid bore a long sword

the naked blade of which shone brightly in the light. In the other hand was a sharpening stone, and as she bowed before the kinglet she rubbed the stone gently against the keen edge of the blade.
Although the dog's heads were still

quarrelling and Bété Celeste still weeping was upon John Dough that the Royal Executioner first turned her eyes. "I hope it isn't this one, your Majesty.

said, in a voice of disappointment, be won't bleed at all, being made of "I beg your pardon," exclaimed John

hastily, "I am not cake, but gingerbread." "It's just the same," she answered, sigh-"You wouldn't bleed if I cut you into

"Why are you so bloodthirsty?" asked John, looking repreachfully into the girl's gentle eyes.

Because I'm the Royal Executioner, I suppose," she answered. "I've held the office ever since my father was destroyed by an earthquake, but I've never yet excuted a single person. The kinglet calls me in about a dozen times a day, but something always happens to rob me of my victim. I've worn out three sword blades sharpening them, but I've never carved anything yet."

"Be of ; ood cheer," said his Majesty, "for now you snall see I lood flow like water This time I am fully resolved to be terrible. Cut me this sharting cur into two parts!"
"What, the dog?" asked the girl, sur-

prised. And I'é' é te-an to scream loudly, and the fat man woke up and shook h s head, and Ch ck: patted toth heads of the animal tenderly, and a guardsman cried out:

"Oh, no, your Majesty!"
"And why not?" inquired the kinglet.

"Why, to s is the most valua! le creature in all your dom-pions," said the guard. "Do you des re to rob yourself of such a troasure, your Majesty?" The kin let hes tated, and then jabbed

the fat man with his sceptre. "la it so Ne'l le?" he asked

".t is so, n y Lord," answered the fat man. If you want to lutcher anything, cut up a few of the Royal Guards, or mince the Falas, or carve Chick, the Cherub. But the do'; Duc is one of the remarkal le features of your kin dom, and should be preserved at all hazards. Why, he's worth more than Le é Celeste."

"That remnds me of Be'té," said the kin let, looking at the fat one sternly. "Take her away, guards, and stuff her with ed potatoes and paté de fo.e gras. If she doesn't re. ain those two ounces in three days she'll d.s race my kingdom, and I'll turn her over to the Royal Execut.oner.'

So the guards trundled away the platform on which the fat lady sat and the dog Due followed, first one head leading and then the other. And now his Majesty threw off his ermine ro e and laid down the sceptre

and scrami led out of the throne. "I be royal audience is ended for to-day," be said, "and now I'll go and see if those cakes and maple syrup are ready for tea. And see here, you Incubator Baby, look after Sir John Dough, and mind that nobody sats him. If there's one bite gone when I see him again I'll turn you over to the Royal Executioner, and then there won't

Then his wajesty walked away, chuckling to himself in a very disagreeable manner. At once the fat Nebbie rolled out of his low seat and stood up, yawning and stretching out his arms

be any Incubator Baby."

"Our kinglet is a hard master," said he, with a sign, "and I really wish some one would get up a revolution and dethrone him. He's been punching my ribs all day

long and I'll be black and blue by to-morrow "He's cruel," said Chick, patting the fat man's hand, as if to confort him.

"Yet he's too tender hearted to suit me complained the lovely Executioner. "If I could only sted a single drop of blood I'd feel that I am of some use in the world." "How dreadfus!" cried John, with a

shudder. "Oh, not at all!" said the girl. "For what's the object of being an Executioner if one can't execute?"

And she tucked the sword under her

arm and took out her handkerchief and went away, weeping sorrowfully.

THE FREAKS OF PHREEX.

"Well, didn't I take care of you all right?" laughed the incubator Baby, leading John Lough from the throne room and up a broad flight of marble stairs.

"Indeed you did," he answered gratefully. "Really. my dear Chick, I believe that dreadful kinglet would have eaten me but for you."

" 'Lourse he would," said the Cherub, nodding gayly. "And won't he be wild when he finds there are no pancakes and maple

syrup fe tea?" John stopped shore. "A en't there?" he asked. "Oh, Chick. I'm afraid he'll punish you for deceiving

"I don't mind," declared the child. "No one shall cat a friend of mine that I've given my promise to take care of. So come along, ohn Dough, and don't worry. I've

got a lovely room on the top f.oor of this cestle and I'll share it with you." So cohn mounted more marble steps until finally thick brought him to a hand-

some spartment on the third story. "Here we are!" cried the Baby. "Now, se sourself at home, cohn, for we needn't

and then he'll have forgotten that I fooled

Our hero's first act was to take off the Blunderer's heavy armor and pile it in one corner of the room. When free from the weight of metal he felt more like himself again and walked to the window to view

"It's a pretty place, Chick," he said

"Oh, the isle is all right," answered the child. "It's the people here that are all wrong, as you'll soon find out. Do you ever eat, John Dough?"

"Never," said John. "Then while you're waiting here I'll go over to the dairy and get my milk for tea. You don't mind if I leave you for a few

minutes, do you?"
"Not at all," he declared. "But it has just started to rain outside; you'll get wet, won't you?" "That's nothing," laughed Chick.

won't melt." "It's different with me," said John, sadly, "If my gingerbread body got soaked it would fall to pieces."

That made the little one laugh again and she ran merrily from the room and left John Dough alone to stare out of the window. There was a projecting cornice overhead, so he had pushed his head well out to observe the pretty scenery, when suddenly he heard ? voice say, in a tone of astonishment:

"Hello, neighbor!" Turning toward the left, he saw sticking out of the next window to his own a long bald head that slanted up to a peak, under neath which appeared a little withered face that was smiling in a most friendly mariner. John bowed politely.

"Well, well!" said the owner of the bald head. "Here's another curiosity come to our island! Wait a minute, and I'll run in and make your acquaintance.

So presently the bald head, which was looking man, entered John's room and bowed politely. "I'm Sir Pryse Bocks," he said, "and the

remarkable thing about me is that I'm an inventor, and a successful one. You, I perceive, are a delicatessen; a friend in knead. I might say, a Pan-American. Ha,

"Pleased to make your acquaintance," returned John, bowing. "But do not joke about my person, Sir Pryse. I'm proud

"I respect your pride, sir," said the other. "It's bread in the bone, doubtless. Ha, ha!" John looked at him reproachfully, and the little man at once grew grave.

"This island is full of inventors," said he: "but they're all cranks, and don't amount to anything-except me."

"What have you invented?" asked John. "This!" said the other, taking a little tube from his pocket. "You will notice that it often rains-it's raining now, if you'll look outside. And the reason it rains is because the drops of water fall to the earth by the attraction of gravitation."

"I suppose so." said John. "Now, what do people usually do when it rains?" asked the little man. "They grumble," said John

"Yes, and they use umbrellas-umbrellas, mind you, to keep themselves dry!" "And that is quite sensible," declared

The bald headed one gave a scornful

"It's ridiculous!" he said angrily. "An umbrella is a big, clumsy thing, that the wind jerks out of your hand or turns inside out; and it's a nuisance to carry it around: and people always borrow it and never bring it back.

"An umbrella, sir, is a humbug! A relic of the Dark Ages! I've done away with the use of umbrellas entirely, by means of this invention-this little tube, which can be carried in one's pocket!"

He held up a small instrument that looked like a tin whistle. "How curious!" said John.

"Isn't it? You see, within this tube is

the attraction of gravitation, and sends the raindrops flying upward again.

"You stick the tube in your hatband and walk out boldly into the rain. Immediately all the raindrops shoot up in the air, and before they can fall again you have passed

"It's always dry where the wearer of this tube goes, for it protects him perfectly. And when it stops raining you put it in your pocket again, and it's all ready for another time.

"Isn't it great, sir? Isn't it wonderful? Isn't the inventor of this tube the greatest man in the world?" "I'd like to try it," said John, "for no

one needs protection from the rain more than I do. Being made of gingerbread it would ruin me to get wet. "True," agreed the other. "I'll lend you

the tube with pleasure. Stick it in your hatband." "I have no hat," said John; and then he remembered that he had left both the baker's

hat and his candy cane lying on the sands where he had first fallen. "Well, carry the tube in your hand, then," said the inventor. "It will work just as well that way, but it's not so convenient."

So John took the tube and having thanked the bald headed man for his kindness he left the room and walked down the stairs and through the big, empty hall and so out into the courtyard. The rain seemed to have driven every one indoors, for not a person could be see.

Holding the tube upright, he boldly walked into the rain and it gave him great pleasure to notice that not a drop fell near him. Indeed, by looking upward he could see the falling drops stop short and then fly toward the clouds and he began to believe that the bald headed inventor was really as great a man as he claimed to be.

After descending the slippery path through the rocks he crossed the patch of green and at last reached the sandy shore, through by the rain. As he lifted it he saw the crooked handle of the candy cane sticking out of the sand and drew it forta to find it in excellent condition, little of the dampness having reached it.

But now as John Dough began to retrace his steps he discovered that his feet were and had little difficulty, in finding the passoft and swollen. For he had been walk- sage that led to his own room. ing on the damp ground and through the wet grass; and, although no rain had fallen dangerous condition and the licorice

in them had become sticky. After he had recrossed the grass and come to the edge of the rocks he began to be frightened, for bits of his left heel now commenced to crumble and drop in the path, and when he tried walking on his flabby toes they were so soggy and soft that he knew they would not last long.

While he paused, bewildered, another calamity overtook him. For the tube suddenly lost its power of repulsion and ceased to work, and the raindrops began to pelt his unprotected body and sink into his flesh.

He looked around with a groan of dismay and discovered a round hole, or tunnel, in the rock near by. Staggering toward this he entered the tunnel and found that now no rain could reach him. The floor was smooth and dry, and in the far distance he saw a light twinkling.

Not daring to walk further upon his mushy feet, John got down on his hands and knees and began crawling toward the fur-ther end of the tunnel. He made slow progress in that position, but soon he heard a noise of machinery and felt the warm air of a furnace coming to meet him.

That gave him courage to proceed, and he crawled onward until he had reached a large, circular chamber, where a tall man with whiskers that resembled those of a billy goat, was busily working among a number of machines.

"Hello!" this personage exclaimed as he saw the gingeroread man. "What have we here?"

The voice and eyes were alike kindly; so stored a power of repulsion that overcomes | John told the man his story and asked per-

EN GUIN.

REAL ESTATE

FLATS TO LE

and turned to his work again. The place was lighted by electricity, and was warm and comfortable. John put his feet as near to the furnace as he dared,

and soon felt the heat drying up his soaked It was not long, indeed, before his entire

body was as crisp and solid as ever, and then our hero stood upon his feet and found that the damage to his heel would not interfere much with his walking:
"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Making diamonds," replied the other, calmly. "I suppose I am the only one in the world who ever succeeded in making real diamonds, but people did not believe in me, you see, so they sent me to the Isle of Phreex. Here I have manufactured the finest diamonds the world has ever known, for no one interferes with my work. Look

He threw back the lid of a large tin box, and John saw that it was full to the brim with sparkling gems of a clear white color.

"Take some," said the man, offering him a handful. "They are of no use to me here, because I cannot dispose of them. But I have the satisfaction of making them, just same. Help yourself."

"No, thank you," said John. "I have no more use for diamonds than you have." But the time may come when riches will

be a great help to you," said the man, and picking out three very big stones he began ressing them into John Dough's gingerad body, one after the other.

"There!" he exclaimed. "They are now safely concealed and if you ever need them you can dig them out and sell them. Those three stones would be worth several thousand dollars if you ever get into the world again, where diamonds are valued."

You are very generous," said John. "Oh, not at all. I assure you," said the man, wagging his goatlike beard with every word he spoke. "In this curious island there is no value to anything whatever, not even to life. All I can do with my diamonds here is to stick them into the kinglet's crown and sceptre; so I'm getting a big stock of them laid by. Very soon 4 shall begin studding the roof of the throne room with diamonds, and it will be a pretty sight to see them glittering in one mass.

"Well," said our hero, "if it has stopped raining I believe I'll bid vou good-by "Never mind the rain," answered the man. "Here is a winding staircase that leads directly upward into the castle. If go that way the rain cannot reach you. The tunnel through which you entered is only used for ventilation."

John thanked the good natured diamond maker and started to climb the stairs. There were a good many steps, but after a while he came to a gallery of the castle

As he walked along he heard the sound of a piano and paused at an open door to up on his body, his feet were getting to be in peer within the room, for he imagined some one was pounding upon the keys of the piano with a sledgehammer.

But immediately a fluffy haired man looked up and saw him and the next instant pounced upon the gingerbread man in much the same way that a cat would pounce upon a rat and seized him fast, drew him into the room and locked the door.

John was astonished, but the fluffy haired musician began pacing up and down the room, swinging his arms and shouting: "I have it! I have it at last! I am great! I am magnificent! I am better than Vogner

He paused to glare upon John "Why don't you shout, you baked idiot? Why don't you weep with joy?" he cried.

"It is great, I tell you! It is great!"
"What is great?" asked John.
"The symphonie! The divine symphonie, you heartless molasses cake, or devil's food, or whatever you are! And I composed it -I-Tietjamus Toips! I am greater than

"I didn't hear it," said the gingerbread

The musician threw himself upon the piano and produced a succession of such remarkable sounds that John was surprised. "Did you understand it?" demanded the fluffy haired one, jumping up again.

"No," said John. "No! Of course not! No one can under stand it. It is genius! It will be played at all the great concerts! The critics will write columns in praise of it. Some folks can understand Vogner a little. No one can understand me at all! I am wonderful! I am superb!"

"Well," said John, "I am not a judge It seemed to me like awful discord." The musician threw himself upon his nees and burst into tears.

"Thank you, my friend-my dear friend!" said he, between the sobs. "Such praise gladdens my heart, and makes me very happy! Ah! glorious moment in which I produce music that is not understood and sounds like discord!" John left the musician still shedding

"The people of this island are certainly peculiar," he reflected, "and I am very glad, indeed, that I am an ordinary gingerbread man and not a crank." He found the bald headed inventor of

tears of joy, and walked to his room.

the power of repulsion awaiting him in

the power of repulsion awaiting him in the room.

"Weil, how did the tube please you? Is it not wonderful?" he inquired.

"It's wonderful enough when it works." said John, "but it suddenly quit working, and nearly ruined me."

"Ah, the power became exhausted," returned the man, calmly. "But that is nothing. It can be easily renewed."

"However." John remarked, "I think that whenever any one uses your tute as a protection from the rain he should also carry an umbrella to use in case of acci-

carry an umbrella to use in case of accident."
"An umbrella! Bah!" cried the inventor,
in a rage, slamming the and left the room in a rage, slamming the door behind him.

THE SERPENT AND THE WOMAN

INEXPLICABLE

Observed at the Zoo by Curator Ditmars

The race of Elsie Venners is not dead. Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of the snake

house at the New York Zoological Park,

finds many women on whom snakes exert a fascination similar to that which they ex-

ercised over Oliver Wendell Holmes's

and critical stare as objects of loathing or

mere curiosity, he says. But women-some

sist on handling my live exhibits. My big

king snake in particular never fails to ex-

"No, it isn't any particular feminine

women, given to introspection and a trifle

women. I shall not soon forget the day

public behind the scenes,' I told her.

me look at the cobras from the back.'

her peep in at the door for a moment.

" 'But I am so deeply interested in snakes

"The gir! was carrying a big bunch of red

roses at the time. I d.dn't like to do it,

but she was so pers'stent that I at last told

the head keeper to take her around and let

cobras, which were placedly enjoying them-

selves in a little family group on the gravel

in the bottom of the cage. Instantly the

The cobras, terrified out of their senses,

ose up w.th a tremendous hiss, undulating

from side to side with the rocking motion

characteristic of them when excited and

inflating their hoods as they always do when angered. There is something very

impressive in that graceful, vibratory

body high in the air; but it is a challenge

that no man who has met his cobra face

to face is likely to forget or to court will-

Knowing that the cobras would never

quiet down so long as the roses remained

get them out and they finally did so with

"In the height of the disturbance the

young person who was the cause of it all

d.sappeared. She came back again a week

or two later. When she saw me she wished

me an airy 'Good morning' and passed

she acted so for, and I can only conclude

"There was a girl who used to come day

" 'If anything happens to that snake I

want his skin to make myself a short jacket.

"'Oh, almost long enough for a three-

quarter coat, or at least a walking coat,'

I told her, 'but I wouldn't advise you to

" 'Well,' returned the girl earnestly, 'if

anything happens to the hig python in the

next five years you must let me have his

" 'We don't intend to let anything happen

to him, but you can get another fine snake

" 'I don't care for another skin. It is

"Well, she had to go away unsatisfied, of

course. As our python is still alive and

apparently in good health and spirits she

this snake I love and his skin I mean to

How wide would his skin be spread out?

'From 14 to 18 inches,' I replied.

iron bars stuck in from the rear.

I never found ou

One day she exclaimed:

" 'And how long?'

wear it on Fifth avenue."

skin without waiting for that.'

out.

skin.

"The moment the door was opened the

she pleaded, 'especially the cobras. Do let

morbid, would be the most sensitive.

out so much as a shudder.

and the place was crowded.

cage was in an uproar.

writhing bodies.

cite interest.

Cobras-Fascination of a Python
-Deadly Fer de Lance Child's Pet.

power and that in the case of the girl whose infatuation I have described it actually did do something of the kind.

"People bring all sorts of pets to the Zo-LOVE AFFAIRS AN EXPERT CALLS ological Park to have us prescribe for them, so I was not surprised when a lady and a little girl appeared one day bringing with them a pet snake that they said was sick. -The Girl With the Red Roses and the

They wanted me to look at it. "The lady said that her husband was interested in snakes, so they had a few harmless ones, including a couple of king anakes, around the house. Their little girl was very fond of them, handling them with the utmost freedom.

"The sick snake came north in a bunch of bananas,' she said. 'That was only a few days ago, but the snake won't eat and is growing thin, so my husband thought if you'd just look at it ---"The child was carrying the snake in fancy box such as cologne comes in. As

women-are moved by them, fondle them, commune with them in a mystic way and she opened the lid I noticed that it was gilt edged and lined with padded pink seem to derive delight from watching their satin-a queer repository for a snake. "Inside coiled upon the pink satin lining "I seldom lecture on snakes," said, Mr was a horned fer de lance, one of the mor venomous snakes that crawl. As if that Ditmars to a reporter, "that the women don't crowd round me at the close and in-

were not enough of a nerve shaker, I was paralyzed to see the child put in her hand and lift the creature out, saying: "Isn't he pretty with those red circles

type that succumbs to the spell of the snake, "But I knew if I showed any alarm the little girl would be frightened and make some motion which would startle the reptile except that, curiously enough, it is usually women of the well braced, athletic type who seem to fall most completely under with the inevitable result that she would their charm. You'd think it would be the other way-that high strung, emotional be bitten. So I said as calmly as I could:

"Just bring him over to the table and let me look at him.' The minute she had laid him on the

"But the latter generally run away, while table I pressed a stick across his head, picking him up by the neck immediately behind the head in the way in which we the calm, steady nerved girls will prod and paw the snakes by the hour to see if they feel cold, will gaze sentimentally into their always handle dangerous snakes, placed expressionless faces and will drape the snakes around their arms and necks withhim in a tumbler and fastened a piece of cheesecloth down over the top.
"The minute Mr. Lance-Head felt my

"At the New York Zoological Park we stick he began to show fight, and before he have had many illustrations of this weird was safely secured he had thrown open his mouth, disclosing three big fangs. He affinity which exists between snakes and continued to show his anger by biting through the cheesecloth, his venom rewhen a pretty, well dressed young woman presented herself in my office and asked maining on the bit of cloth instead of reach to be allowed to go behind the cages and ing his victim, as he expected it to do. This look in from the back. It was a Sunday is one of the objects in stretching it across the top of the tumbler, to enable us to col-'Well, we don't ordinarily allow the lect some of the snake's secretion and analyze it if we wish to.

"In the present instance the fer de lance deposited on the cheesecloth within a few minutes between eight and ten drops of venom, enough to kill four men. poor mother almost fainted when she heard of the danger they had all run.

"This snake was about three and a half feet long. Its body was a pale green, with the little red circles about it to which girl flung her roses into the midst of the the girl had admiringly drawn my attention. It had a villainous flat head and over each eye was a small hornlike spine. "I should have thought that the shape

of the head would be enough to make the husband and father in the case suspicious not to mention the red circles and the spines which are rather exceptional. But he had no technical knowledge of snakes. CURING BULLIES.

mot on of the angry cobra as it rears its Their Teachers. A bad case of bully it; was cured by a kindergarten teacher after the following fashion

How Two Unruly Boys Were Tamed by

"Remonstrating with him and keeping him in at recess made no impression. One in the cage, I told the keepers they must day in the yard he pommelled a little fellow who did not obey his rough commands. ending by biting the child in the cheek was tempted to serve him in the same way, or at least to inflict some pain on him. but I decided on another plan, which worked like a charm.

"After the children were assembled I fenced Paul off with chairs in a corner of the crown of the road toward one of the the room, then I tied a that she was a twent.eth century Els.e hook in the wall. I fastened a sign to one of the chairs: 'Beware, the tiger bites, and warned the children not to go near. after day to study the big python. It After three days of isolation my tiger was actually seemed as if she fell in love with it. tamed."

And here, on the other side, is the way a vacation school teacher handled her case

"It was a far cry from the innocents of my kindergarten group to these poor vagrants of ten or twelve from the city slums. One sullen faced, black browed boy gave me all the trouble he could plan for one morning.

"I told him he could not go with us on our excursion the next day unless he could do better (presented the reasonable social ideal). Then when he came the next morning I relented; how could I keep that poor starved little soul from getting a glimpse of God's sky, and green, growing things? Well, I can't judge as to how much of God's sky, he will be killed every living the property of the came but he killed every living the same but he will be same the same but he will be same the same but he will be same the same the same but he will be same the s sky he saw, but he killed every living thing he could crush or break, but the other children, disobeyed every regulation and drove his various caretakers to the verge of distraction. All methods seemed unavail-

"On the way home in the train he threw pebbles at us, cracked open live snails to see us shudder and finally I tied his hands apparently in good health and spirits she is not likely to have her wish gratified for many moons, if ever.

"The snake that this young woman fell in love with is 30 feet long, weighs about 250 pounds and could kill a horse. Its eyes are its most conspicuous feature. They are tawny yellow, catlike and intensely brilliant. You can see them fix on an object and set like glass.

"Snakes are said to hypnotize their in-

which my strength was capable. I took into that room a little imp of darkness tended victims with their eyes. It seems possible that this python can exert hypnotic and I brought back a little angel.

THE PROGRESSIVE ROOSTER AND THE PROVERB.

WALT KUHN

IORSE WHIMS AND AUTO WHIMS

A Man With the Motor Car Bug Tells Why He Prefers the Machine.

"You'd think from what you read in the papers," said a man with the motor bug. that the only men having trouble on the road were the men driving automobiles; but really I'd rather take my chances of getting somewhere with my nifty little horoughly overhauled second hand motor car, than I would with many a horse I've driven.

"Why it makes me shudder, even now, to think of the times we used to have with some of the horses we used to drive when we lived in the suburbs: It was the fashion where we lived for people to go driving on fair Sunday afternoons, and people that didn't own their turnouts used to hire one from the livery stable, commonly a surrey with one orse, and take out the whole family.

"The horses we got were horses all right; they had four legs and a head and frequently more or less of a tail, but they were rarely beautiful and often morose, and when I saw one of those creatures, standing out in front waiting for us, throw its ears forward and twist its neck and turn its long head toward us and survey us sourly as we came down the walk to get into the surrey, why I never knew what the beast would do before we got back, and I always felt easier when we had followed the fashion and 'been to

ride' and got back safely home. "Talk about bending your carbureter and stripping your steering gear and blow-ing out your spark plug! Why those are things you know something about; but you never can tell what a horse is going to do. He may balk, or back, or sheer off, or lie down, or do all sorts of things. When an auto gets to doing things like that you may be able to do something to it, but you can't do anything to such a horse at all.

"If you puncture a tire on the auto, can't the horse cast a shoe or pick up a nail or get blind staggers? And that beats a busted carbureter out of sight. No more horse for me.

"I remember once when we were driving along a three mile straight stretch of road we couldn't keep the horse in the road at all. It was a heap easier going there, but he would persist in sheering off, always to the right, into the gutter and seeming always to want to climb the fences on that side; so that I had, so to speak, to carry a weather wheel on him all the time; keep the port rein pulled hard and taut to keep him up to the wind-I mean in the road-at all; and it was positively irksome to have to drive like that, with the horse all the time wandering off toward the fences the minute we let up on him and we wondering all the time what could be the matter with him and whether

he would ever go straight again.
"We went two miles in that uncomfortable fashion, till we met a man walking along the road, who sang out to us as we

along the road, who sang out to us as we pass:

"Mister, you got your line twisted around the end of the shaft."

"And so we had. When the horse a couple of miles back had swung his head around to bite a fly he had caught the rein on that side, the right, around the end of the shaft, and I'd been driving him with the reins like that, with that twisted line pulling him of to the right all the time. But no automobile would have sheered off for any such reason as that.

"Once when we were out and had got about three-quarters of the way up a long."

about three-quarters of the way up a long hill the horse stopped, and I couldn't get him to budge. He wouldn't go a step. Worse than that, pratty soon he began

"There was a deep gutter on each side of the road at this point, a regular gully of a gutter, about four feet deep; and when the noble beast began to back he slewed around so as to back us down angling from surrey was just over the edge of it, when, mercifully, the beast stopped. It might not have killed us all if the horse had backed us into this ravine, but it would have smashed the carriage; and when the surrey stopped there on the brink the folks got scared and all jumped out and stood around. all jumped out and stood around—a nice way of taking a ride, this, hey?—while I led the horse away from the gutter up into the middle of the road again. He wouldn't let me drive him, but he would

wouldn't let me drive him, but he would let me lead him—that much.

"But when we all got in again and tried to start the horse up he just began backing again; he simply wouldn't go ahead; and we had to turn him around and start for home. He was willing to go down the hill but he wouldn't go up, and I'll bet he knew about those gullies at the sides of the road where he stopped. Could any automobile do worse than that?

do worse than that?
"No, sir. I tell you all these stories we "No, sir. I tell you all these stories we hear about men's troubles with autos we hear because the auto is something new and the troubles are novel; but you ask any amateur to tell you his experience with horses. For my part I never could learn anything about horses, but I can learn something about motor cars; and, anyhow, I'd rather take my chances of getting somewhere with a crotchety automobile than with a crotchety horse." mobile than with a crotchety horse

GEESE WITH BRAINS. They Are Not of the Human Variety, How-

ever-Quick to Learn. A farmer would scarcely believe that a goose requires only about sixty hours in order to prepare it for the footlights and a critical audience, and that a common, pig, which has been bought in the market, will in thirty hours be competent to blosson forth as an actor.

According to Clyde Powers, a trainer of wide experience and much patience, it takes a duck about three days to learn how to march on the stage, to follow the chorus, and to march off again at the proper time; it takes a chicken a week or more, and a turkey cannot grasp the art of acting in less than six months time.

Mr. Powers has tried to train a pea fowl but he finds that it is impossible. A goose is the most intelligent of all the feathered tribe, and a goose is also the only domestic fowl that shows affection.

Animals are always entertaining, and so much in demand are they by managers, that every vaudeville theatre in America books for its programme at least one animal act, and often two, every week. A good animal troupe is contracted for many months ahead, and its owners and trainers receive salaries far exceeding those of the average troupe of vaudeville performers of the human species.

of the human species.

During a visit to a dress rehearsal at the Hippodrome, says a writer in Lealie's Weekly, three or four cub bears were being schooled in the art of standing on their heals, in driving an auto, or at least appearing to do so, and last but not least—for it amuses an audience greatly—to drink out of bottles.

To teach them this last act is not very difficult if the bottles are filled with sweetened water; in fact, the difficulty comes in preventing the cubs from stealing these bottles and rehearsing before it is time so fond are they of this particular form of acting.

Bears are decidedly humorous, and while they know perfectly well what they are doing, they often do a trick the wrong way; apparently just for the humor o the ting and they seem to enjoy the scolding, which with baby hears is seldom accompanied by punishment. The trainer's pockets

by punishment. The trainer's pockets are usually bulging with sugar, and the cubs are given a taste every time they obey orders and go through a trick with willingness. If a bear is good tempered and of adaptable disposition, a new trick can be mastered in about four weeks.

fear the kinglet until to-morrow morning.

FLAT HUNTING IN THE ARCTIC.